# FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hanlon

Copyright, 1921, by the Public Ledger Com



# Spring—the Open Season for Poets

## Two Fables in Slang

### The Fable of the Copper and the Undergrads

One Night three Well-Bred Young Men, who were entertained at the Best Houses wherever they went, started out to Wreck a College town.

They licked two Taxi Drivers, set fire to an Awing, pulled down many signs, and sent a brick through the Front Window of a Tailor Shop. All the Residents of the Town went into their Houses and locked the Doors; Terror brooded over the Community.

A Copper heard the Racket, and saw Women and Children fleeing to places of Safety, so he gripped his Club and ran Ponderously, overtaking the three Well-Bred Young Men in a dark part of the street, where they were Engaged

in tearing down a Fence.

He could not see them Distinctly, and he made the Mistake of assuming that they were Drunken Ruffians from the Iron Foundry. So he spoke harshly, and told them to leave Off breaking the Man's fence. His Tone and Manner irritated the University Men, who were not accustomed to Rudeness from Menials.

One Student, who wore a Sweater, and whose people butt into the Society Column with Sickening Regularity, started to Tackle Low; he had pompadour hair and a Thick Neck, and his strong Speciality was to swing on Policemen

and Taxi drivers. After this, his Companion, whose Great Grandmother had been one of the eight thousand Close Relatives of John Randolph, asked him not to Kill the Policeman. He said the Fellow had made a Mistake; that was all; they were not Bolsheviki; they were Nice Boys, intent on preserving the Traditions of dear Old Alma Mater.

The Copper could hardly believe it until they led him to a Street Lamp, and showed him their Engraved Cards and Junior Society Badges; then he Realized that they were All Right. The third Well-Bred Young Man, whose Male Parent got his Coin by selling for \$6 each blanket he bought from the army for 5 cents per, then an-



"What a perverted ambition," exclaimed the Suburbanite.

nounced that they were Gentlemen, and could Pay for everything they broke. Thus it will be seen that they were Rollicking College Boys

and not Common Rowdies. The Copper, perceiving that he had come very near getting Gay with our First Families, Apologized for Cutting In. The Well-Bred Young Men-forgave him, just to demonstrate that there were no Hard Feelings. On the way back to the Seat of Learning they captured a Night Watchman, and put him down a Man-Hole.

MORAL -- Always select the Right Sort of Parents before you start in to be Rough. (Copyright, 1921, by the Bell Syndicate Inc.)

## The Fable of the Kid Who Shifted His Ideal

A Western Union Kid carrying a Death Message marked "Rush," stopped in front of a Show Window containing a picture of Jack Dempsey and began to weep bitterly.

#### kle, a Basket of Egg Plums and a Back-Stop Mashie.

By George Ade

The Suburbanite saw the Kid in Tears and it struck him that here was a Bully Chance to act out the Kind-Hearted Pedestrian who is always played up strong in the Sunday School Stories about Ralph and Edgar.

"Why do you weep?" he asked, peering at the Boy through his concavo-convex Nose Glasses.

"Oh, gee! I was just Thinking," replied the Urchin, brokenly. "I was just Thinking what chance have I got to grow up and be the Main Stem, like Mr. Dempsey."

"What a perverted Ambition!" exclaimed the Suburbanite "Why do you set up Mr. Dempsey as an Ideal? Why do you not strive to be like me? Is it not worth a Life of Endeavor to command the Love and Respect of a Moral Settlement on the Outskirts? All the Conductors on our Division speak pleasantly to Me, and the Gateman has come to know my Name. Last year I had my Half-Tone in the Village Weekly for the mere Cost of the Engraving. When we open-ed Locust Avenue, from the Cemetery West to Alexander's Dairy, was I not a Member of the Committee appointed to present the Petition to the Councilmen? That's what I was! For six years I have been a Member of the Botany Club and now I am a Candidate for Director of our new nine-hole Golf Club. Also I play Bridge on the Train with a Man who once lived in the same House with a cousin of

Judge Landis." Hearing these words the Kid ceased weeping and cheerfully proceeded up an Alley, where he played "Wood Tag."

MORAL-As the Twig is Bent the Tree is Inclined.
(Copyright, 1921, by the Bell Syndicate Inc.)

## LATIMER INDORSED AS **NAVY ADVOCATE GENERAL**

The apopintment of Capt. Julian i. Latimer, commandant of the naval district and stationed at Key West A Kind-hearted. Suburbanite to be judge advocate general of the ray. succeeding Rear Admira' listening. I heard the assassin hiss: happened to be passing along on his Way to the 5:42 Train. He was carrying a Dog Collar, a Sic-

## HEARD AND SEEN :: .:.

A NUT DRAMA.

A NUT DRAMA.

I wanna find the nut
Thet told my little nut
I said another nut
Was prettier.

I hate a nut that nuts
Around with other nuts
And puts nuts in their nuts.
So whutti-yer
Think 'va nut that'c gotta nut
So nutty, he drops the nuts
That make my nuttle's nut
Get nuttleh.

O. U. Q.

FORGETFUL.

The minister apologized for having forgotten his notes, saying to his congregation: "I have unintentionally left my notes at home. I will make a few extemporaneous remarka. trusting the Lord for guidance. Tonight I will come better prepared."
H. SMITH.

STARTING HIM OFF RIGHT. 'illiam's education was complete, Except the profession he should draw, a and ma had often talked it over And thought it should be the law.

But pa had been a gay old rounder, And always kept up with the news; His, sharp eye saw a tidy fortune In writing prescriptions for booze.

So William's now studying medicine, With his eyes on colds and flus, Because his daddy has informed him There's money in prescriptions for booze.

"You've got a chance in a million."
His pa said in delirious joy—
"Just find all the diseases rum will cure
And you'll be a John D. R., my boy."
BILL. Central High Soph-I can lie in bed and see the sunrise. Eastern High Freshman-I can sit

n the dining room and see the

kitchen sink.

If the cat had kittens in the oven, would you call them biscuits? KITTY

IZZY.

THE QUESTION OF EYES. EAMON o SUILLEABHAIN having given the language of the eyes, or rather what the various colors of eyes means, "BELGAIN" remarks; "My cat has greenish grey eyes. Does that mean she is in-tellectual? I confess she is of a poetic nature, especially in the

## HOW ABOUT YOU. GIRLS.

There was a little girl
Who clipped a little curl
Right off the place it used to grow,
Because the little girl
Had a cute little ear
That she wasn't ashamed to show!
JOE C.

A shot rang out on the midnight tillness. Raising my window and

THE REVENCE. bed leaving its post?

# "Desirable rooms; excellent meals with hot water and elec-

"Large room, heated near all departments. "Will trade auto for young calf and building lot." The Oldsmobile Sales Co. copies Heard and Seen in their snappy MILO H.

WHOLE FAMILY OF FANS.

WHOLE FAMILY OF FANS.

We all read H. and S.
And this is the bes'
Lil' old column 'n all the
Wide World.

From six-foot dad,
To eight-year-old Tad,
And yes, even big brother
Earl.

Every evening there's a fight.
Now, be sure 'n get this right,
A friendly one, but nevertheless
True.

We tear and grab and beat and bust,
'N try to keep back a cuss.
So at last we go and buy
Yes, two.

HELEN H.

HELEN H.

## I propose this H and S motto-"ONCE A NUT ALWAYS A NUT." MARTIN MORRIS. A JINGLE ON DRINKS.

(By GIMME B. OOZE.)

Near beer, Queer beer, Cloudy beer and clear beer, Home brew, Foam brew,

Foam brew,
Brew of every kind,
Prune juice,
Moonjuice,
Morning night and noon juice.
Gay rum,
Bay rum,
Drink it till you're blind.

Sad hooch, Glad hooch, All very bad hooch, Grape wine, Crape wine,

Streamers on the door!
Hip flask,
Slip flask,
'Tween the cup and lip flask,
Hot punch,
What punch!
Try a little more.

Cocktails,
Flock tails,
Flock tails,
Smuggled off the dock tales,
Dry laws,
Sly laws,
Smite 'em hip and thigh,
Gay drunk,
Stay drunk,
Every night and day drunk,
Oh, boy!
What Joy,
Now the country's dry.

DID YOU EVER HEAR Of a comb having the toothache?

A cigar shifting its own ashes? A shoe biting its tongue? A bottle breaking its neck? A horse tying his shoe? A window without a pane?
A potato blinking its eyes? A nail scratching its head?

# By BILL PRICE

THE INTERLOPER. There was a young man named Hyde Who at a funeral was espied; When asked who was dead—
He just giggled and said:
"I don't know—I just came for the ride.
PINKEY.

THE FRUIT SPECIALIST. Boy-Mother, is daddy an expert on fruits?

Mother-No. why? Boy-Daddy took me out for a walk the other day and met Mr. Jones. All he spoke of was peaches, pippins and dates.

RECOMPENSE.

Life is but a written page.

To him who has the gift to live:

From saliwart youth to wrinkled sage.

From infancy to feeble age.

You get just what you give.

At times you get much more, it seems,
At times much less, you may believe;
At times Dame Portune on you beams,
At times your troubles come in teams,
But you always give what you receive.

You think the earth is merely here.
To cater to your whim or notion.
You're wrong; pauper, king or peer.
Tour recompense, if cheap or dear,
Is always in exact proportion.

Why kick against the pricks of Fate?
Why on "bad luck" your spleen you vent
Your own misfortunes you create.
And whether soon or whether late.
You're bound to get your right per cent.

Se up and at the task again,
And never fear because it
Seems less of sunshine than of rain.
A pound of joy to a ton of pain—
Your deeds are on deposit.
COLEMAN G. DUCKETT.

DOUBLE ANAGRAMS. "CHAPPIE" offers for solution

these five anagramatical cities and what they are noted for: WNE ROKY-TESCARAB. WINGHASNOT-LEOGOGERBES. SOBNOT—SNEAB, COGAHIC—DEROKOE LABL MEAT. SURGBITTP—YIRTD SCENK.

Ann stood before the glaze,
With her little eyes shut tight.
For she was trying to see
How she looked asleep at night.
PERCY V.

## THE PEACOCK PROBLEM.

The owner of a peacock fond of straying got into a controversy with a neighbor over an egg which the peacock had laid in the neighbor's yard. The neighbor claimed the egg because it was laid in his yard, the owner because his bird laid it. Who should keep DeWITT.

# HAPPINESS-A Recipe.

To make it, take a hall dim lit.
A pair of stairs where two may sit.
Of music soft a ber or two
And two spoons of—just two spoons will do.
A waist, the size to be embraced.
And two red lips, rose ripe to taste,
And if the lips be soft and sweet
Tou'll find your happiness complete.
U. PROVIT.—

Why is it that the brass instruments in the theaters and moving pictures are always to the right of

the leader? OIMNOT. TONGUE TWISTERS. She sells sea shells.

By the sea shore.

The shells she sells

Are sea shells, I'm sure.

Rastus-Which animal took de mos money on Noah's ark? Rastus-Well, de duck took a "bill."

and de skunk took four-quarters and Laugh and others laugh with you,
Kick and you kick alone:
For the cheerful grin will get you in
Where the kicker is never knews.
BRULAH L. B.

Blacksmiths FORGE ahead. Money lenders ADVANCE daily. Real estate men GAIN GROUND

Gamblers get the UPPER HAND. Tailors PRESS forward. EUMEDES BELUS. AT THE HAIR-DRESSERS. Mrs. S .- My, how natural they make hese artificial switches now-

Mrs. R.-Yes, it's hard to tell which switch.

Said Pless to the cakle.
"I've got more than a hunch—
4 I C U R M T.,
Here's the price of a lunch."
ORHELIA PULSE.

First Nurse How did you and Dr. Rippemup get along in the operating

Second Nurse-Why, we did nothing but cut up all the time.
MARCELLA WAVES

THE SERVICE MAN.

(Men who wear the uniform of Uncle Sam feel that there is too often a prejudice against them on the part of young people, especially girls. PERCY WEBB, U. M. C., has written H and S some verses on the sub-

Cot:)
Uniforms have many patterns.
Some are khaki, some are blue.
And the men who choose to wear them
Are of many patterns too.
Some are sons of wealthy parents.
Some are college graduates.
Some have many manly virtues,
Some are simply reprobates.

I don't care what your profession.
Occupation, or what you do.
When you're gazing at a soldier,
And he is looking back at you.
Who, is there to judge between yo
Only one. The Great Almighty,
Name another one; just do?

So drop your haughty bearing, And your egotiatic pride: Get acquainted, with the soldier And the heart and soul inside.

Test and try to analyze him.
Criticise him through and through.
And you'll very likely find him
"Just as good a man as you."